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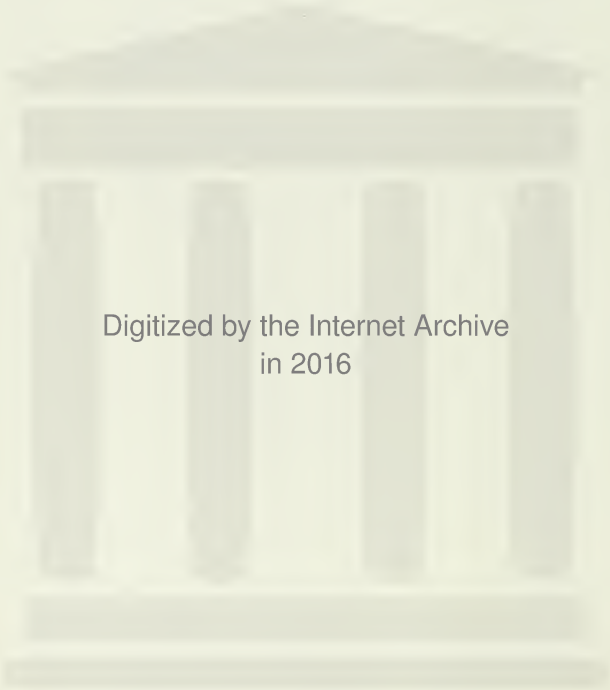
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Charles Linza McNary

LATE A SENATOR FROM
OREGON

U.S, Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session. House

16-27936

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Biography

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY was born on a farm near Salem, Marion County, Oreg., June 12, 1874; attended the public schools and Leland Stanford Junior University, California; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1898, and commenced practice in Salem, Oreg.; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; appointed as a Republican to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy in the term ending March 3, 1919, caused by the death of Harry Lane, and served from May 29, 1917, until November 5, 1918, when Frederick W. Mulkey was elected to fill this vacancy; again appointed to the United States Senate on December 12, 1918, to become effective December 18, 1918, to fill the vacancy in the same term caused by the resignation of Frederick W. Mulkey, having been previously elected for the term beginning March 4, 1919; reelected in 1924, 1930, 1936, and again in 1942, and served from December 18, 1918, until his death; unsuccessful candidate for Vice President of the United States on the Republican ticket with Wendell Willkie in 1940; elected minority leader in March 1933, in which capacity he was serving when he died at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., February 25, 1944, where he had gone to recuperate from an operation; interment in Odd Fellows Cemetery, Salem, Oreg.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address_____ Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address_____ Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps_____ Musician Edward Masters

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

Charles Linza McNary

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businesman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
  In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
  The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
  And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
  And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
  I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
  And everywhere
Through the earth and air
  My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
  It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
  Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
  I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
  From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
  And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
  Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
  But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
  Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
  Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
  Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
  To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
  The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
  In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
  Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
  Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
in the
House of Representatives

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Angell

Of Oregon

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause today to pay our last tribute to the passing of a great American. The late CHARLES L. MCNARY, Senator for the State of Oregon, for 27 years has served in the United States Senate.

For 11 years he has been minority leader in the Senate. He has not only been a stalwart Member of that great deliberative body of our Nation in upholding the fundamental principles of our American way of life but he has been an inspiration to all of us who have had the privilege of serving with him. Of a modest and retiring nature, he never thought of imposing himself upon his colleagues but was always ready to give a word of encouragement or lend a helping hand to a friend. No man in the Senate of the Uniited States was more beloved. In our State of Oregon he not only commanded the respect and admiration of our citizens but was the first citizen of this great State which he had the honor to represent so long in our National Legislature.

It has been my great privilege to have known Senator MCNARY from the days of my youth and to have been associated with him in the last 5 years in the Congress of the United States. I always found him to be always ready to assist me in my legislative work, and I know that every new Member in the Congress from the State of Oregon always leaned heavily upon our friend who has now gone to his reward.

Every Member of the Oregon delegation joined the funeral party on its long trip across the continent to Oregon to pay our final respects to our departed friend. As the congressional party, friends and colleagues of Senator MCNARY,

wended its way across the continent with heavy hearts we realized that our beloved colleague was making the last long journey into the great West over the old Oregon Trail—a roadway which his ancestors a century ago helped to chart and which with his own long, faithful service helped to make possible the building of the old Oregon country into a mighty empire. As we sped across the plains over the great rivers of the Middle West and the far West and over the towering mountain ranges of our own America, we were made conscious of the great contribution Senator McNary and his pioneer ancestors had made to the founding and upbuilding of the rich productive States along our Pacific shores which originally constituted old Oregon.

It was his guiding hand, his wise counsel, and his long, faithful service to his State and Nation that made possible the development of the great projects of the West for the improvement of our waterways, the building of the mighty dams and hydroelectric plants, the controlling of the flood-waters of the mountains and plains, and the reclamation of the broad acres of the West, now producing foodstuffs and other supplies to feed and equip the nations of the world as well as to maintain our armed forces in the great struggle for the liberation of the world from dictatorship.

Senator McNary has been called to his eternal home, but his work for the upbuilding and preservation of our Nation will live throughout the years to come.

FOR HE WALKED WITH MEN AND UNDERSTOOD

Here was a man whose heart was good,
Who walked with men and understood.
His was a voice that spoke to cheer,
And fell like music on the ear.
His was a smile men loved to see,
His was a hand that asked no fee
For friendliness or kindness done.
And now that he has journeyed on,
His is a fame that never ends
And leaves behind uncounted friends.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all we melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept there, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Lemke

of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

THURSDAY, *March 16, 1944.*

The Senate met at 12 o'clock meridian, on the expiration of the recess.

The Chaplain, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father God, as morning climbs to noontide we pause in the heat and burden of the toiling day, that prayer for a sense of Thy presence and assurance of Thy guidance may rise like incense from the altar of our hearts. Cleanse us, we beseech Thee, from secret faults which may mar our public service. We cannot be the prophets of world peace if in our own hearts are entrenched the very things which make for war. We cannot call mankind to put aside the weapons of carnage and destruction if our own lives are arsenals of hatred and of prejudice and of selfish passion to rule. Disarm our own spirits. May Thy kingdom of love and righteousness come within us that we may contribute worthily to mankind's abiding peace.

As the battle against the massed battalions of darkness sweeps on to its fiery climax and so many of our homes are already desolate at the dread tidings that one dearer than life has gone beyond recall, may the awful price of preserving liberty bought with such a cost subdue our pride, shame our selfishness, and intensify our devotion. Deliver us from the evil of national policies whose fateful consequence will be still another war. May be clearly see and faithfully follow the things that belong to our peace. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mr. President, I submit a resolution, and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 269) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the legislative business of the Senate be now suspended to enable tributes to be paid to the life, character, and public service of Hon. CHARLES L. MCNARY, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Address by Senator Vandenberg

Of Michigan

Mr. PRESIDENT: The United States Senate not only does credit to its own sensibilities, but it also does justice to authentic history, when it temporarily suspends its regular proceedings this afternoon to make the RECORD speak in final tribute to the memory of a deeply cherished comrade and a stalwart, sterling public servant who has been gathered to his fathers.

The sudden and untimely death of Senator CHARLES L. McNARY, of Oregon, at the very moment when we all were encouraged by reports of his confident and early convalescence, bespeaks a loss which defies the successful use of words to measure. It is the loss to the Republic of a great and effective statesman. It is the loss to Congress of a great and skillful legislator. It is the loss to his associates of a great and precious friend.

Senator McNARY came to his high responsibilities in the midst of the first World War. He leaves them in the throes of the second and what we pray may be the last. In this epochal, intervening quarter century, when History has been writing with a rushing pen, he was one of the wisest, soundest, and ablest public men of his generation. In his quiet, modest, and totally unassuming way, he exerted major influence—and always constructive influence—on the legislative history of his times. Indelibly he leaves his vivid mark upon the story and the statutes of his mourning country.

Through a perilous and perplexing decade, he ably guided the Republican Party as its greatly loved and highly competent leader upon this Senate floor. He was the master of all parliamentary techniques. Behind his unfailing kindliness and courtesy were strength, astuteness, and an iron will. He

led by persuasion rather than by force. Common sense was ever his prime counselor, as the Constitution and the law were his unfailing lamps. His Party's faith was reflected when it enthusiastically named him for the Vice Presidency of the United States. His integrity, his vision, his talents and his honor were worthy of this or any other accolade.

But he was never just a partisan. In the finest sense of the sacred word, he was a great American. Whether as a jurist in his earlier career, or as a legislator in the climax of his devotion to his country, he was true to the finest instincts of a deeply conscientious public servant, and to the best traditions of the Constitutional Republic which he loved so much and served so long and so well.

Amid all his honors, he remained as friendly and considerate a soul as ever gave gentle companionship to his fellow men. He was never touched by the pomp of power. He was never lured from the realities of human fellowship. His popularity with his colleagues was matched only by their granite confidence in him. I shall not soon forget the unique and moving demonstrations of this poignant fact enacted on the funeral train as it sped across the western plains on its way to his last, long home. Twenty of us—colleagues all—gathered in one car; and each of us—one by one—rose spontaneously to speak simply, frankly, and from the heart, about our associate and friend. It was a rare and unusual tribute, without a precedent within my time.

It was as recently as last November that the late distinguished Senator from Oregon stood at his accustomed corner seat on yonder aisle, in the full vigor of his splendid faculties, so far as any of us knew, and in complete command of his great responsibilities. Little did any man among us remotely sense that we were looking upon our living friend for the last time as he strode vigorously from the Senate forum that final afternoon, never to return. But he never for an instant left our hearts nor was deserted by our anxieties. "What's the news from Charley?" was the constant, intimate, daily ques-

tion upon all our lips, eloquently testifying to the bond that bound him to his fellow men. Life affords few greater triumphs.

He was devoted to the soil. It was the key to his wholesome character. All things of agriculture were his deep attachment. He was happiest when close to nature and when lingering upon the fertile acres of his beloved country home. Always his heart was turning westward to the Oregon Trail. His was the spirit of those rugged pioneers from whence he sprang. He was a builder of the new West as they were of the old. We followed him, and his mourning family, in stricken grief—but with gladness that we could have known him and his genius and his kindly ways—as he took to the Oregon Trail for the last time.

The Republican Party has lost a faithful and effective leader. America has lost a powerful and devoted Senator. I humbly add that I have lost a cherished friend who has been my closest legislative associate for 16 years. Hail. And farewell.

Address by Senator Holman

Of Oregon

Mr. PRESIDENT: "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

My former colleague, Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY, of Oregon, has been called to the house of his fathers. On Friday, February 25, at Fort Lauderdale, in Florida, where it was believed he was recuperating satisfactorily from a then recent operation, he suddenly departed this life. We mourn his passing, revere his memory, and honor his good name.

CHARLES L. MCNARY was possibly the most universally loved Member of this honorable body. On all sides and in every quarter only words of affectionate regard for him, and expressions in praise of his public work and private life, are heard. His kind disposition, unerring tact, consummate wisdom, and patriotic zeal for the best interests of his State and Nation, and his deep devotion to the welfare of the American people, were inherent in him, and were recognized by all who knew and understood him.

CHARLES L. MCNARY, the last of 10 children, was born in 1874 at the farm home of his maternal grandparents, Charles and Mary Claggett, in the beautiful and fertile Willamette Valley, near Salem, the capital of Oregon. In this pleasant environment he spent his childhood and youth.

Unhappily, at the early age of 4 years, he lost his mother, and a year later his father also. A kind and loving elder sister assumed the care of this orphaned boy, directed his early conduct, and guided him in the formation of his habits and character. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." His later successes and achievements are a monument to her intelligent, faithful, and affectionate care of her little brother Charles.

CHARLES LINZA McNARY

As a boy, and as a youth, CHARLES L. McNARY had his chores to do and he did them, reliably and well. By dint of his own perservering efforts under great difficulties, which were indicative of his self-reliance throughout his entire life, he went to college and studied law. The time came when he sat upon the Supreme Court of Oregon as a justice of that court.

The McNarys and the Claggetts were of good—the best—American stock, and this native son of Oregon had within him by inheritance and by breeding the finest qualities of his race and Nation. For generations his people had been pioneers, frontiersmen, and farmers. They had come to America in colonial days, had fought in the American Revolution against British oppression, and later they had followed Daniel Boone and the earliest settlers into the Ohio Valley. The States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois knew them prior to his immediate forebears joining the covered-wagon trains of the early emigrants to Oregon.

Just 100 years ago his grandfather, James McNary, determined to cross the plains with his family to Oregon and began making his plans accordingly. Early in the year 1845, the McNarys were on the long, long Oregon Trail. The first wagons had arrived in the Willamette Valley in 1843 but 2 years previously.

Only after 6 long months on the overland route did the creaking, worn, oxen-drawn covered wagons and the tired and weary emigrants at last descend the rugged western mountain slopes to the beautiful Oregon country. Often, only by following the courses of the mighty rivers of that western country, and at times actually using the beds of the smaller streams for their only roadways, did the Oregon pioneers, foremost among whom were the McNarys, finally come to rest in the finest and fairest of fertile valleys—the promised land of the western pioneers—the valley of the beautiful Willamette.

Only the survivors of the fittest of all those American emigrants who started across the plains in the 1840's and 1850's finally got through to Oregon. The faint of heart turned back and the weak of body perished on the way. Only the resolute of spirit and those of dauntless courage, fortified by the muscle and sinews of centuries-old breeding, persevered to found an empire in the wilderness beside the western sea. The Oregon pioneers may, at times, have been destitute, and were; but they never were poor.

From such stock our beloved colleague sprung. He had the ways of his forebears. He was of them. His perseverance through difficulties and his helpfulness to others less fortunate than himself were his characteristic traits. He knew and practiced the industry, thrift, and economy of the empire builders. He did not stand by the side of the road wagging his thumb. He always could walk, and walk on his own feet, and he could walk alone.

CHARLES L. MCNARY was the son of the Oregon pioneers. For his homely ways, his direct and efficient resolution of complicated problems and situations into their simple elements, and for his honesty and cooperation, he was loved and respected by all those who knew him best. He was a great American, a leader in the Senate of the United States, an honest man, a real friend, and Oregon's favorite son.

May God bless and keep him. His life exemplifies the biblical admonition that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold."

Address by Senator White

Of Maine

Mr. PRESIDENT: We commemorate today the life and death of one of America's greatest public servants.

Senator MCNARY served in the Senate of the United States from May 29, 1917, to November 5, 1918, and from December 18, 1918, to the time of his death. In 1933, he was chosen minority leader of his party in this body. In 1940, he was the nominee of his party for the office of Vice President of the United States. This period of political activity and legislative service included the epic years of the First World War, the postwar period, the years of economic depression which followed, and the trying days which preceded our entry into the present war, and many months of our participation therein. There has been in the life of our Nation no like span of time in which a public man has been confronted by such complex problems and has made such soul-trying decisions. Senator MCNARY shared in full measure the responsibilities of these years and their momentous events.

Before entering public life, Senator MCNARY had been a practicing lawyer; an educator in the law; and a justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon.

In these two principal fields of endeavor our late colleague served with rare distinction. In them he brought honor to himself and made great contribution to the welfare of his State and the Nation.

Senator MCNARY was a profound student of all political and governmental questions, but of particular interest to him were the difficult problems of agriculture, of hydroelectric development and associated irrigation and reclamation projects. His efforts in their behalf were impressive aids to all that has been accomplished in these fields.

Procedure in the Senate is governed by precedents and by written rule. Senator McNary was the master of both. His familiarity with parliamentary principles and with the correct application of them, with Senate practice and its sustaining precedents, was both comprehensive and detailed. He was one of the great parliamentarians of this generation. This knowledge and skill were used, not obstructively, but always in furtherance of legislative progress.

He was never an extremist in his views or in his legislative efforts. He sought to embody in law the principles which responded most completely to the common judgment of the American people and which he believed would therefore best serve them. He was a clear and logical thinker, firm in his adherence to the conclusions to which his reasoning mind led him. However strongly held and however positively expressed were his views, his kindliness and graciousness made impossible any suggestion of intolerance on his part. He was a wise counselor and patient leader. In his relations with his fellow Members and men elsewhere he was tolerant, courteous, and kindly.

No Member exerted greater influence in the Senate than he. No Member held in greater degree the affection of his associates. No Member commanded greater respect. His death brings to unnumbered friends and to his colleagues here a sense of tragic loss. His party suffers grievously in the termination of his thoughtful and steadying leadership. The country will miss in this high place his keen sense of public duty and his ideals of public service.

An able, kindly, courteous, courageous, Christian gentleman has gone from among us, but we are comforted with the knowledge that he has found deserved rest, peace, and joy everlasting.

Address by Senator Barkley

Of Kentucky

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is said that as men grow in years they look with equanimity upon the approach of death. I do not know whether that is true. I might well express the hope that it is; but I have not yet reached the status in my own life where I look with equanimity upon it, insofar as I am concerned or insofar as my friends are concerned. That is peculiarly true as I rise to pay in a few words a feeble but an abundantly deserved tribute to Senator McNARY.

It is strange how fate sometimes plays tricks upon the lives of men. In conversation one day with Senator McNARY, talking about our ancestry and about the romantic history of migrations among American people in the settlement of our country, it developed that his grandfather and my grandfather were born and reared within 5 miles of each other, in the State of North Carolina. My people went from there into Tennessee, and up into Kentucky. His went across Tennessee, tarried for a while in Kentucky, and found their way on to the Pacific coast in the State of Oregon. Then, as if two sunken streams reappeared on the surface of the earth, he and I appeared here in opposition stations across this aisle in the Senate of the United States. That is strange; but no more strange than the fate of many others, by the millions, who no doubt could recount similar ancestral experiences.

That circumstance, of course, drew us closer together than would be true otherwise, because of the parallel of our families. We were drawn together by reason of our position here in the Senate; and our relationship was more intimate, more confidential, and, I might say, more cooperative than was ever known by the Members of this body as a whole. In the very nature of things, two men occupying the stations he and

I during the past 7 years occupied across the aisle must necessarily confer with each other daily, and sometimes more frequently. Not only is it necessary that that should be done, in order that we might as much as possible smooth the pathway of legislation, but it is in the interest of the country, I believe; and I am sure that he felt the same way, that those who take any leading part in guiding the legislative process here should very frequently indulge in confidential conversations and relations and plans in order that each might be helpful to the other, and that both might be helpful to the Senate and to the country. Senator McNary not only was courteous; he would have been that unavoidably, for he came of a race of cultured, refined, broad-minded, magnanimous people whose roots sprang out of the very pioneer days of our country. All his personal inclinations were in that direction. But in a broader and deeper sense his responsibility to the Senate, to his political party, and to his country, and even in a broader sense his responsibility to mankind, in the position which he held, impelled him to that high-minded attitude toward his duties and toward our duties here.

There are many things I might say about him in tribute to his legislative genius; his knowledge of the procedures, not only from study but from experience; his interest in agriculture, from which his ancestors, as mine, sprang, and in which they engaged practically all their lives. While he was a specialist on agricultural problems, his mind was broad enough and deep enough to encompass all the problems which face us as a Nation industrially, economically, politically, and socially. He was frequently of very great value and assistance to me, not only in advice and counsel which I sought freely, but in smoothing the pathway of legislation, not only that of a nonpartisan character, but legislation in which partisan difference might be supposed to exist legitimately. I am under a deep and abiding obligation to Senator McNary for the great, valuable, sometimes indispensable assistance I received from him and also for the high example of non-

partisan consideration without regard to party differences of the problems which face us as a whole. I mourn his loss. I shall always cherish his memory. I shall always acknowledge freely the profound obligation which I am under to him, and which the country as a whole is under to him, for the magnificent services he rendered as a United States Senator and as an American citizen.

I do not know how to express my feeling in the sense that I have experienced this deep, personal loss. For his State, for his family, for his country, I join in the expression of deep sympathy and appreciation for his life and for his example. I felt so strongly about it that it was my desire to attend the funeral, in order that I might pay a last tribute to him; but circumstances over which I had no control forbade that.

Peace to his ashes, to his memory. May those of us who are to remain for a season, but who in time will join him in that innumerable caravan, take with us through the remainder of our lives and into our graves the happy and reassuring knowledge that here was a man in every sense of the word.

Address by Senator McKellar

Of Tennessee

Mr. PRESIDENT: I came to the Senate on March 4, 1917. Senator MCNARY came to the Senate by appointment of the Governor of Oregon in May 1918, and served a short term. He was again appointed and served another term; and in 1919 he came to the Senate by the vote of the people of Oregon and remained here until his death.

Shortly after he came to the Senate, one day he asked me if we did not have some McNarys in Tennessee. I told him that we had. We had a very distinguished family of McNarys in Tennessee in our early history. One of them had been one of the most distinguished judges in our State, and a county had been named for him. Senator MCNARY traced his relationship to that distinguished citizen of Tennessee. In that way we became friends almost from the beginning.

Senator MCNARY had several outstanding characteristics. One of the most important of them was his unswerving honesty and integrity. CHARLEY MCNARY was as honest a man as I ever knew in my life. No one ever questioned or could ever question his integrity.

Another of his outstanding qualities was his ability as a legislator. He was quiet, reserved, unobtrusive, and apparently unambitious; and yet few Members of this body kept up with legislation as well as did CHARLEY MCNARY, and none any better.

To my mind the most outstanding of all his splendid qualities was his gentlemanliness. He was one of the most courteous, delightful, good-humored, and all-the-time agreeable gentlemen I ever knew. I never knew him to do an ungentlemanly thing; and so far as I now recall, I never heard

him say an ungentlemanly thing. I think he was one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever knew.

He had a wonderful career in the Senate. He served for nearly 27 years. He took a leading part almost from the beginning. He did more for his State than perhaps any other man who ever represented it in Congress. In helping to establish the Bonneville Dam and other dams, not only in his State, but in adjoining States, he did a magnificent piece of work.

Like the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Barkley], I shall feel eternally grateful to Senator McNARY for his cordial and warm support, not in talk, but in kindly, generous action. He helped me build the dams on the Tennessee River. CHARLEY McNARY did a thousandfold more than many of those who had much more to say about the building of those dams. I shall ever be grateful to him.

In the strictest sense, Senator McNARY was not a partisan. He was a good Republican; he believed in the principles and doctrines of his party always; but he was fair and kindly disposed toward those of us on this side of the aisle, and worked with us for the benefit of the country whenever the interest and progress of the country were at stake. He was a progressive Senator. He believed in building up, and not tearing down. He believed in doing things in his kindly and quiet way.

Incidentally, let me say to Senators on the other side of the aisle that he was a very fine leader of the Republican Party. That was proved by the great confidence Republicans showed in him when he was chosen as their candidate for Vice President in the last campaign. He was worthy of such a mark of distinction or any other mark of distinction.

CHARLEY McNARY was one of the best men who ever sat in this body since I have been a Member of it—and I have been here a long time. When it came to a show-down, perhaps no man on either side of the aisle had more real influence than had CHARLEY McNARY.

In his quiet, gentle, generous, well-disposed, and kindly way, he did more for his State and for his country than most of us realize until we look at the record. He was as fine an American citizen as ever lived. When I think of such a man as he dying suddenly, I realize what a terrible thing it is, especially for those who are left behind. Again I say that this body never knew a finer gentleman, a better legislator, or a better American than CHARLES L. MCNARY. He and I were warm personal friends from the beginning. I revere and esteem his memory. I rejoice in the good works which were his, and am proud that I knew such a grand man, for he was a man, every inch of him.

Address by Senator Danaher

Of Connecticut

Mr. PRESIDENT: By designation I am directed to report that yesterday the Republican minority conference, by unanimous action, adopted the following resolution:

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our beloved colleague the Honorable CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, late senior Senator from the State of Oregon; and

Whereas throughout his more than 27 years in the United States Senate he rendered to our Nation and to his State a most distinguished service, which will ever grace his name in the annals of history; and

Whereas he was our affectionate friend and trusted counselor, ever ready to give of himself, of his efforts, and of his judgment for our guidance, and hence became our leader and the spokesman for the Republican Party in the United States Senate during a most critical period: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Republican colleagues in the United States Senate of the Honorable CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, express our sense of loss at his passing and join in asking that this evidence of our regard for him and for his memory may be caused to be printed in full in the Congressional Record; and

Further, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to Mrs. Cornelia M. McNary, at Salem, Oreg., that she may be assured of our deep respect for her and of our condolences to her upon the passing of our friend, her husband.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands at Washington, in the District of Columbia, this 15th day of March 1944:

A. H. Vandenberg, Wallace H. White, Jr., Warren R. Austin, Chapman Revercomb, Robert A. Taft, John A. Danaher, C. Wayland Brooks, Styles Bridges, John Thomas, Chas. W. Tobey, Owen Brewster, Raymond E. Willis, E. V. Robertson, A. W. Hawkes, William Langer, C. D. Buck, Homer Ferguson, George D. Aiken, Guy Cordon, Rufus C. Holman, Harold H. Burton, E. D. Millikin, Harlan J. Bushfield, Sinclair Weeks, James J. Davis, Arthur Capper, Henrik Shipstead, Chan Gurney, Kenneth S. Wherry, Geo. A. Wilson.

Mr. PRESIDENT: When word of the passing of our late colleague, Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY, reached the Senate, the opening prayer was delivered by our Chaplain, the Reverend Frederick Brown Harris. While the prayer itself appears in the Record, there was comment on it in a column which appeared in the Atlantic (Iowa) News-Telegram of March 7, written by E. P. Chase. It is so deserving of perpetuation that I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the body of the Record following this morning's eulogistic ceremonies.

There being no objection, the matter was ordered to be printed in the Record as follows:

WITH E. P. CHASE AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—More often than not the opening prayers in both the House and Senate are routine affairs and very few, if any, of the Members know what is said. On occasion, however, the Chaplains rise to considerable heights. That was true one day last week in the Senate when the Reverend Frederick Brown Harris, Chaplain of that body, was most eloquent in his opening prayer. Senator CHARLEY MCNARY, of Oregon, had just died and with simple dignity and most fitting words the Chaplain arose to the occasion.

"Our Father God," he intoned, "we come with the solemn consciousness that swift to its close ebbs out life's little day, as once again in the passing of an honored Member of this body we bow before the mystery of death."

Then he continued on to his eulogy of a fellow Member all Senators had loved and respected. "The one clear call," said the Chaplain, "has taken from us Thy faithful servant and our beloved friend with whom we took sweet counsel and whose tolerant outlook often turned the discords of dispute into the music of understanding. But the sorrow of our hearts pleads with us to bless Thee for the close ties which have been severed, for the sanctified wisdom and the pure humanity which made this radiant personality as the candle of the Lord.

"We remember with gratitude that for him party loyalty was ever but an altar of devotion in the greater temple of his undefiled patriotism. We remember today with joy his long and faithful years as a public servant, his patient courage, his gentle courtesy, his constant consecration to his great trust. We remember gratefully now one who held his convictions firmly without questioning the sincerity of others whose quest of truth led them along other

paths. We think of him today as one who could differ without anger, who could debate without bitterness, who could be defeated without rancor, who could win without exultation.

"So, one by one, Thou dost gather the scattered families out of the earthly light to the heavenly glory, from the distractions and strife and weariness of time to the peace of eternity. Vouchsafe unto his loved ones Thy tenderest mercies and the consolations of Thy sustaining grace. In Thy great mercy bring us all at last to the homeland of Thine eternal love. In the name of That One who hath brought light and immortality to life."

A great many fine things have been deservedly written and said about the late Senator McNary, but I question that any enconium more beautiful will be pronounced for this very good man.

With his simple, yet eloquent, words this Senate Chaplain unerringly cataloged the character of McNary, enumerating the many qualities which endeared him to his fellows. And I was intrigued by that statement that "we come with the solemn consciousness that swift to its close ebbs out life's little day." That has all the rippling grandeur of the Elegy and the Essay on Man.

In the hurly-burly of legislative turmoil sometimes really big moments are often overlooked. To my notion this Chaplain's tribute to a fine Senator and a good man was unforgettable.

Address by Senator Connally

Of Texas

Mr. PRESIDENT: I shall not undertake to cover the public services of Senator McNARY except by general reference. The record of his services is already engraved on the public annals of the Republic. I wish to say a word of a personal nature with reference to Senator McNARY. It is among the sweetest memories of my life that I was privileged to enjoy a rather intimate relationship with him. What the Senator from Tennessee [Mr. McKellar] has said about his gentleness and the high standards of his intercourse with other Members of the Senate is eminently true. Senator McNARY appealed to me as a man of a very high conception of ethics and of professional and official conduct. He was a modest man. He carried modesty to the point of a weakness. Instead of flambuoyantly pushing himself into the public limelight he was shrinking. He was entirely modest in every respect.

Mr. President, I entertained for him a very deep personal affection and a very high admiration. Today I wanted more than anything else simply to lay upon his tomb, figuratively speaking, a flower in recognition of the great love which I bore him.

Address by Senator Davis

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. PRESIDENT: The sands of a great and distinguished life have run out in the hourglass of time. CHARLES L. MCNARY has been summoned home. Eternal peace has come at last to one who labored always to bring tranquility into a troubled world.

CHARLES MCNARY devoted his full and gentle life to the service of mankind, and the implicit worthiness of his character must inevitably come to be recognized in the reckonings of time.

History will record for all generations to come that this good and faithful servant was a great legislator, an incisive leader, and a skilled parliamentarian. But CHARLES MCNARY was much more than these, Mr. President. CHARLES MCNARY was a man who was loved and respected by all who knew him. There is something about a truly great leader, Mr. President, which counsels and calms, which strengthens and sustains, and so it was with "CHARLEY MAC." His keen mind, his kind word, and his understanding heart brought a mellow gentleness into these halls which they have rarely known in all their long history.

It was inevitable that the mantle of leadership should fall upon his shoulders, for his abiding patience, his clear counsel, and his unfaltering devotion to justice gave to him a quality of rare balance which is seldom found in equal degree in any man.

The years which he devoted to his labors here were among the most eventful and historic years this Nation has ever known. Sharp and crucial issues were raised and settled upon the floor of this Chamber during those years—issues which ofttimes burned deeply into the very heart of this cherished man.

Yet never, in all those storms of strife and disagreement, did CHARLES MCNARY rage at the opposition; never did he attempt to browbeat or coerce any member of his own party; never did he refuse advice, and never did he falter in his solemn trust.

We who are brought together here learn in time to know and evaluate our colleagues, and I can name no man who really came to know CHARLES MCNARY who was not proud to number him among his friends.

As minority leader, CHARLES MCNARY knew well the strength and weakness of those who labored with him. But no matter how bitter the issue may have been, MCNARY never made light of the shortcomings of others. He was the companion and compatriot of all, the overseer and tormentor of none.

Life wears best, Mr. President, when it is smoothed by a friendly spirit. And how gently, how fully, flowed the life of this man. The fires of good will which he kindled in the hearts of men will linger always as an inspiring and ennobling light.

We come here today in deep solemnity, for the passing of this man lies heavily on our hearts. His life was, as near as any mortal life could be, a reflection of the eternal truth.

It is as Chaplain Harris said in the Senate a few days ago, "He was a man who could differ without anger, who could debate without bitterness, who could be defeated without rancor, who could win without exultation."

And now, after many full and faithful years of public service, our beloved colleague, who brought to these Halls the wisdom and the strength of pure humanity, has been laid to rest in the homestead of his heart, the rustic, rugged lands of Oregon, whose people paid him immortal tribute by five times selecting him to come to these Halls and labor in their name.

The name and the achievements of CHARLES L. MCNARY shall be forever graven on the heart of Oregon and in the annals of time. But the essential goodness, the innate gentleness of his character, will cause men to speak his name with reverence so long as the honor and the history of America endure.

CHARLES LINZA McNARY

Mr. President, yesterday I sat in the conference of the minority party where the temporary officers recommended, and the full membership concurred, that no permanent officers be selected by the minority until the end of the present year.

This gesture of respect and honor will live in time as a clear and enduring tribute to the name of CHARLES L. MCNARY, for it is such a citation of merit as could come only to one whose courage, character, and conduct had brought a profound respect to his Nation and his name.

Address by Senator Capper

Of Kansas

Mr. PRESIDENT: Words are inadequate to express my deep sense of personal loss when CHARLEY MCNARY passed on.

He had been my friend and close associate in the Senate for a quarter of a century. For the past 7 years he had been my seatmate in the Senate. We had talked together, argued together, voted together most of the time, worked together, and played together for the better part of 25 years. I recall that I played my last game of golf with him, I think it was the day before he went to the hospital. And he played a square game of golf just as he played the game of life. Looking back over these years in the Senate, I can recall the Saturday afternoon golf foursome of the 1920's and early 1930's—Charley McNary; Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; Jim Couzens, of Michigan; and myself. Charley and Pat and Jim have passed on—good friends all. I have had the privilege and the pleasure of knowing and working and playing with many well-beloved friends in my lifetime. I think that of all those I have known and loved during my time in the Senate of the United States, there was none who held a warmer place in my affections than CHARLES L. MCNARY. I do not expect to see his like again.

Neither can I put into words my appreciation of the loss to my country in the passing of one of the ablest, one of the broadest-minded, and one of the statesmen with the greatest vision, of his day and generation.

I lost a beloved friend, the Nation lost a valued leader, when our colleague was called from his labors here to what I feel is his reward in the unknown world that lies beyond.

CHARLEY MCNARY had already made a place for himself in the Senate when I was sworn in, only a few days short of a

quarter of a century ago. In the years that followed, we served together on the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, Senator McNARY as chairman of that committee, and later as ranking minority member.

During nearly all that quarter of a century we were closely associated as colleagues, as members of the so-called farm bloc, and as intimate friends. I have never known him to hold an unworthy thought, say an unkind word, nor lend his support or cast his vote for a measure which he did not believe was for the best interest of his State and his country.

I have never known a more devoted champion of the farmer in the Congress. But he never proposed special favors for agriculture at the expense of the national welfare. He was not a factional leader; he was a statesman who had a proper measure of the place the farmer holds, and must maintain, in a balanced economy that is necessary if the dream the forefathers had of a representative democracy, a real republican form of government, is to become and remain a reality.

CHARLES L. McNARY was a Republican in politics. But he was not a hide-bound partisan. His republicanism was a national republicanism, not merely a loyalty to a party name. When an immediate partisan advantage in politics, in or out of the Senate, clashed with the national welfare, it seemed to me he submerged his republicanism in the interest of the Nation. This was true of CHARLEY McNARY as chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, as a member of the Committee on Agriculture, as a member of the Senate, and as Republican floor leader of the Senate.

I think CHARLES L. McNARY was a liberal in the true sense of the term. He believed in the cooperation of individuals and of political parties to promote the general welfare. But his liberalism did not cause him to denounce and impugn the motives of those who disagreed with him; neither was it the loose-thinking, so-called liberalism, that precludes one from reaching a decision and bringing others to agree on it. And always he was a gentleman in the true sense of that word.

The honors that were bestowed upon him were not gifts from his colleagues nor from the party leaders who nominated him for the Vice Presidency in 1940. They were earned, and to his party and his people and the Nation he gave a leadership that was wise, beneficent, and, I believe, effective.

He served his people and his State and his Nation well and ably. The number of his friends was limited only by the number of us who knew him personally and were acquainted with his works. We shall not soon see his like again.

I join today with the other Members of the Senate in mourning the passing of an esteemed and beloved friend, an able and distinguished colleague, and a national leader in the truest sense of the term. May his reward in the beyond be commensurate with his labors and his kindnesses in this world.

Address by Senator Bankhead

Of Alabama

Mr. PRESIDENT: I have not prepared a suitable address, but I am not content to permit this occasion to pass without some manifestation of my very high esteem for the great and good man whose memory we are commemorating at this time. I was unusually fond of CHARLEY MCNARY, and I have good respect of each member of the committee regardless of political affiliations.

When I entered the Senate in 1931 I was assigned to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. Senator MCNARY at that time was chairman of that committee. From that time until his death we served together on that committee. He made a wonderful chairman of the committee. He was at all times fair and just and enjoyed the confidence and respect of each member of the committee regardless of political affiliations.

We never had much political party alinement in that committee; we do not have it now, and I sincerely believe that much of that spirit of helpful cooperation which has characterized the committee is due to the philosophy and to the actions of CHARLEY MCNARY. He held the committee together, and his influence with the members of the committee was as great after he yielded the chairmanship to the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Smith] as it was before.

We all know that Senator MCNARY'S heart was with the farmers of this country. He realized that they had not had justice in our economic structure. He did not render merely lip service; he did not come to the floor of the Senate and proclaim from time to time that he was a friend of the farmer, but he worked for their welfare. He was a constructive statesman who devoted much of his efforts and talents and energy to the cause and to the betterment of rural life.

My friend the Senator from Tennessee [Mr. McKellar] has pointed out, probably better than I can do, much of the personal characteristics of CHARLES MCNARY. Anyone who knew him intimately over a period of years, as many of us did know him, could not fail to be impressed with the fact that Senator MCNARY at all times was a gentleman, truly a gentleman, courteous, kindly, and gentle in his relations with everyone.

This center aisle divides physically the Members of the Senate according to political party affiliations. Senator MCNARY, of course, took his place upon the side occupied by his political party. Time gradually developed his proper place in the Senate, and after the test of a long period of years, many of them through the most trying periods of our history, finally, as a result of his colleagues' acquaintanceship and friendship and knowledge of the man, he was promoted to the highest place of confidence and power at the disposal of his political party, notwithstanding the fact, as has been pointed out, that he was never an objectionable political partisan.

He loved his country. He loved to render service to his fellow man, and he never stopped to consider whether one was a Democrat or a Republican in his personal relations, not only with his acquaintances but with his fellow men in general.

Senator MCNARY has been well characterized here, and I shall not detain the Senate long. He was a familiar figure in the Senate. He was regular in his attendance. He had strict ideas about the performance of his duties and his responsibilites both as a Senator and as a party leader.

Senator MCNARY and I for a number of years had arranged to be paired when either of us found it necessary to be absent from the Senate in the performance of his duties. We rarely renewed that pair, because we had an understanding that we would take care of each other when either was absent. I had his confidence that I would do that, and I did it, and he had

mine that he would protect me. That is the sort of relation that prevailed between CHARLEY MCNARY and a number of southern Senators.

Not long before he left Washington, in talking about our pair relations, he said, "I am not sure we have an effective pair, because we vote the same way about 90 percent of the time." That shows the broad-mindedness of the man. Many of the questions coming before the Senate for vote have properly no political complexion, and the parties as such should not be divided on them.

Senator MCNARY, because of his kindly attributes, because of the big, broad-minded qualities of the man, because of his generous, sympathetic heart, will be missed by the Members of the Senate on both sides of the aisle as will very few men who have served as Senators. I know that I shall miss him, and I regret his passing almost as much as though he had been a blood relative of mine.

Address by Senator Russell

Of Georgia

Mr. PRESIDENT: I would not be true to my appreciation of one of the finest and sweetest associations of my life did I not add my humble tribute to the beautiful sentiments expressed here today on the life and services of our lamented colleague, Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY.

Though one of the truly great leaders of his day and generation, Senator MCNARY was withal a modest gentleman of the old school. Not one act of his during 27 years of service in the Senate of the United States was ever designed to catch a newspaper headline or to attract public attention to himself. When basic principles were involved he was utterly indifferent to public applause. In my 23 years of political life I have met thousands of public men. I have never known a man who had a higher conception of the true ethics of public service than CHARLES MCNARY. There is much to extoll in his public record and private life, but I do not think that under any circumstances he would care for fulsome praise.

For years he was the leader of his party in this body. He was a loyal party man, but he had only contempt for that kind of partisanship, on either side of the aisle, which blinds men to their higher obligation to the public interest.

He was a hard and tenacious fighter, but whether he won or lost he felt no bitterness or rancor toward those who differed with him. His was a kindly heart and he loved his friends.

If my colleagues will pardon a personal allusion, I became a Member of the Senate a couple of months before the change in administration in 1933. For some years Senator MCNARY had handled the agricultural appropriation bill. When the

political tide turned and the Democratic Party came to power, it fell my lot to take over this duty. I was a new Senator, without experience in handling such complicated measures as appropriation bills. Though he was a member of a different political party, I went to Senator McNary before opening hearings on the bill to seek the benefit of his advice and counsel. He could not have been kindlier or more cooperative had I been not only a member of his party but an intimate friend or relative.

For 10 years I leaned heavily upon him, and he gave freely of his great ability and rich experience in solving the many unusual and complex problems which have been before the Subcommittee on Agricultural Appropriations during the past decade. I shall miss him in my work here in the Senate as much as any other Member of this body, or more.

Senator McNary was a lawyer. He was at one time dean of a law school. He had served as a justice of the supreme court of his native State. Nothing better exemplifies the great heart of this man than that he should interest himself primarily in assisting the farmers of this Nation in their unequal struggle for economic equality. He was interested in the welfare of the farmer without regard to section or party affiliation. In his passing the farmers of this Nation have lost one of their best and most powerful friends. He will be as sorely missed and as sincerely mourned in the farm homes of Georgia and the South as he will be among those who till the soil of his own beautiful Willamette Valley in the great Northwest.

Mr. President, I cannot express any hope for the future more calculated to promote the welfare and progress of the people of the United States and the preservation of our cherished institutions than that providence may vouch-safe that more men possessed of the ideals and vision of Charles L. McNary may find their way to service in the Congress of the United States.

Address by Senator Bone

of Washington

Mr. PRESIDENT: During my nearly 12 years of service in the United States Senate it was my pleasure and privilege intimately to know the late Senator MCNARY, who so ably represented the great State of Oregon in this Chamber. During all these years his office adjoined mine in the Senate Office Building, and not only were we office neighbors but the very nature of the problems of the Northwest country we represented made it both necessary and desirable that we should frequently confer, because the interests of our two States were similar in many fields of human activity.

My long and close association with Senator MCNARY made me realize his worth as a statesman and an effective public servant. He was a genial and kindly man, and he never permitted the unending pressure of work confronting him to make him impatient with those who sought his counsel and advice. He was possessed of an unusually fine mind and an unerring sense of values.

During all the years he served as the leader of his party in the United States Senate I have never heard a word of criticism of his capacity for leadership, but, on the contrary, he was universally regarded as not only exceedingly capable, but also as one who guided his party brethren with unerring skill and with great diplomacy. To this may also be added the just tribute that in his leadership he brought to his task the highest sense of personal honor. In his death the State of Oregon lost a stalwart friend and a brilliant and intelligent spokesman, and the United States Senate one of its most beloved Members. I know that every Member of the Senate will join me in saying that his passing brought sincere sorrow

to all of us and a great loss to the Nation which he served so many years.

My own life was enriched because I had known him as a friend, and as I utter these words I am deeply conscious of the personal loss I have sustained. The words that any of us utter here today are but a feeble tribute to a great man who possessed a fine and gentle soul.

Address by Senator Austin

Of Vermont

Mr. PRESIDENT: I wish to say a brief word of farewell to a friend and great leader whose character is glorified by the record of his deeds, of his sentiments, and of the very tender relationship which existed between him and all his colleagues in this great deliberative body.

First of all, I want to record my gratitude to him for the opportunity which was afforded me from time to time through many years to serve my country and my political party by virtue of his appointment. The relationship created by that appointment and my service in it was unique. I have been an advocate of causes almost all my life, for I began to practice law in my father's name before I was admitted to the bar, and I am accustomed to finding my fellow man tolerant, considerate, and able to get along with me in spite of the fact that he and I may represent opposing views on a controversial subject. But, Mr. President, I never in my life met such a character as CHARLES MCNARY for poise, equanimity, breadth of vision, judicial temperament, and utter willingness that I, though acting as his assistant, should hold views upon controversial subjects which were diametrically opposed to his. That relationship was one of the most beautiful things in my experience here of 13 years. I thank him for it, and I shall always appreciate it as one of the sustaining memories of our service in this great body.

That was a quality which enabled him to hold together a group of men who differed upon vital questions that were made prominent by the fact that we were either approaching war or that we were indeed in war. No man here has sought to escape responsibility in this terrible situation created by

the war, and no man here has been able to escape some of the wear and tear caused by the stresses of the war. I regret to say that I believe that perhaps our friend might have been able to live longer and continue to contribute his marvelous services to his country had it not been for the great pressures which were brought upon him by the circumstances that grew out of the war.

Our mourning for him is filled with praise, and if we can by what we say erect a memorial to his honor, we do it here and now.

Address by Senator Thomas
Of Utah

Mr. PRESIDENT: I am aware of the fact that no words of mine would avail to add anything to the splendid tributes which have been paid Senator MCNARY. At the same time I feel that in honor to his virtues and in honor to his great services it would be proper for me to call the attention of the Senate to one service which Senator MCNARY rendered for which he will always be held in high regard. He and I served for many years as vice chairmen of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission. In the erection of the memorial to Jefferson it was the aim of Senator MCNARY that while it should honor Jefferson it should also be a memorial to the American people. Senator MCNARY strove and worked to cause the memorial to reflect the ideals which have always been America's, so that posterity might understand them, and so that the memorial, which represents America at its best, may be a shining beacon for the whole world to see and to honor.

When it came to constructing the statue, Senator MCNARY was interested in seeing that Jefferson the citizen should be honored. So the statue represents the great American after his retirement from public life, but when he was still serving his country in an advisory capacity, giving of his wisdom and his experience, and passing his ideals on to his fellow men.

Mr. President, mankind needs men who can stand alone, and in CHARLES MCNARY we saw such a man. Representing as he did the best of American ideals, he always appeared in our presence as one who could stand alone and he received the honor that was due him because he could and did stand alone.

Address by Senator Burton

Of Ohio

Mr. PRESIDENT: As one of the junior Members of the Senate, I wish to pay a personal tribute to the leadership of Senator McNARY, and to express appreciation of the helpfulness which Senator McNARY uniformly displayed toward me and toward all others who have come to the Senate in recent years. During the 3 years I have been a Member of the Senate, he gave me advice and guidance which have been invaluable. More than that, he demonstrated to me what a Senator can do for his Nation through his service in the Senate. He earned, deserved, and enjoyed the confidence of the Senate and of the Nation, and he served in the Senate in a manner which enabled him to become a recognized leader in the Nation in the field he had chosen for his special service.

I had occasion recently to look up the nature of his committee service in the Senate. It is impressive in its lesson. During 14 consecutive Congresses he served as a member of the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation, and during 4 of those Congresses he served as its chairman. During 13 consecutive Congresses he served as a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry and during three and a fraction of those Congresses he served as its chairman. His chairmanship of that committee came to an end only when the majority of the Senate changed. From that time on, for 6 Congresses, he served as minority leader in the Senate. In addition, he served for 13 consecutive Congresses as a member of the Committee on Commerce.

By means of that continuity of service during practically a full generation he became an authority in the field of agriculture and its related fields in a manner which enabled him to render to this Nation a distinguished service. He thereby

added to the confidence which the Nation feels and, I believe, which it has a right to feel in the Senate.

Also illustrative of the contribution which a man of that kind renders through his service to the Senate, I may add that he served as a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Commerce, the Committee on Fisheries, the Committee on Indian Affairs, the Committee to Investigate Unemployment and Relief, the Committee on the Judiciary, the Committee on the Library, the Committee on Manufactures, the Committee on Mines and Mining, the Committee on Pacific Railroads, the Committee on the Philippines, the Committee on Public Health and National Quarantine, the Committee on Public Lands, the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys, the Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs, the Select Committee on Government Organization, the Special Committee to Investigate Executive Agencies of Government, the Special Committee on Wildlife Resources, the Special Committee on the Survey of Land and Water Policies of the United States, the Special Silver Committee, the Special Committee to Investigate Agricultural Labor Shortages, and the Special Committee on Post-War Economic Policy and Planning.

Senator McNary was a symbol of integrity, fairness, kindness, modesty, tact, and friendship. He was a competent and intelligent public servant. He honored the Senate by his service in it. He honored the Nation by his service to it.

Address by Senator Overton

Of Louisiana

Mr. PRESIDENT: The announcement of the death of CHARLES L. McNARY came on that fateful Friday as a surprise and a shock to his colleagues in the Senate and to the people of the United States. We knew of his serious illness, but recent reports reaching us had led us to the fond hope that he was well on the road to recovery and would soon be filling again the seat which for many years he had occupied with so much honor to himself and credit to the party whose chosen leader he was upon this floor.

I was among countless others who looked upon CHARLEY McNARY as a true and sympathetic friend. When first I came to the Senate, in 1933, I was just as the junior Senator from Ohio [Mr. Burton] has today stated as his own experience, the recipient of his courtesy, his kindness, and his sympathetic counsel. I have more than once had occasion to appreciate the wise advice he gave me shortly after I entered this body. Speaking from a long legislative and public experience, his admonition was, in summary, that he who uses persuasion, rather than criticism, and who deals kindly, rather than harshly, with his colleagues will accomplish more and travel longer and farther than those who employe denunciation and abuse as their weapons.

To use the words of the tribute Hamlet paid to Horatio, I may say of CHARLEY McNARY that he was "e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation cop'd withal."

CHARLEY McNARY was a living exemplification of his own philosophy of life. He was firm but gentle, and mellowed his sternest opposition with a sweetness and kindness that left behind no sting, but only respect and esteem.

He readily distinguished between the good and the bad, and adhered to what was good, regardless of party or factional politics. He always placed his country above party, and his death marks the passing of a truly great American.

Address by Senator Langer

Of North Dakota

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the death of CHARLES MCNARY the common people lost a true friend, a farsighted leader, and a relentless, untiring battler for agriculture. In his search for farming facts he visited the State of North Dakota 12 times.

The greatest tribute ever paid to him was his almost frantic selection as the Vice Presidential candidate. He was selected because those in control realized the tremendous hold he had on the minds and affections of the agricultural and laboring masses. He was not only absolutely honest but he was entirely fearless. Exceptionally well informed on economic and political matters, he gave the Republican Party a leadership which is greatly missed now, and will continue to be missed for a long time to come.

This Nation's leaders will be sorely pressed in trying to find leadership that will come anywhere near having the love, esteem, and confidence of the common people enjoyed by Senator MCNARY for so long.

Experienced in statesmanship, entirely devoid of demagoguery, diplomatic and tactful, but realistic in his approach, this great American citizen has left a record which will be an inspiration to the youth of America and a career which every father will be proud to have his son copy.

Mr. President, this Christian gentleman was my reliable friend and counselor, and I mourn with the common people of this great country at our great loss of this heart-stirring, lovable character.

Address by Senator Gurney

Of South Dakota

Mr. PRESIDENT: I am one of the newest Members of the Senate. Nevertheless, I join with all those who by their statements today have shown their great respect for CHARLEY MCNARY. It was not necessary for one to know CHARLEY for a long time. His great qualities of friendliness, human kindness, and leadership made one feel instantly his great understanding and willingness to be helpful at all times. I valued his friendship and his always good counsel.

CHARLEY MCNARY was a great friend of my father, who also has gone to the Great Beyond. I know this because I have been aware of their exchange of ideas for the past 20 years. Each of them understood the problems of those who till the soil, and each was always working for the benefit of the agriculturists and horticulturists. From South Dakota, since the untimely death of our leader, have come many letters of regret at the passing of this great and good man. Therefore, I know that all the people of my State join in the expression of sympathy to his family and share the feeling of great loss in his passing, as set forth in the resolution which I now present for the Record at this point:

Whereas the end of earthly life has come to the Honorable CHARLES MCNARY, who has been the guiding hand of the Republican Party in the United States Senate: Be it

Resolved by the Beadle County, S. Dak., Republican Committee, That an expression of appreciation for his splendid party service be hereby made, as well as appreciation for his outstanding life as a successful American and Christian gentleman; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the South Dakota Members of the United States Senate, with the request that they inform the family of Senator MCNARY regarding this expression of appreciation.

Address by Senator Tobey

Of New Hampshire

Mr. PRESIDENT: I wish to add my word of tribute to the memory of one whom we have loved long since and lost awhile—our friend CHARLEY MCNARY.

Coming here as a new Senator, as I did 6 years ago, and having offices adjacent to his, it was often my privilege to consult with him on matters of legislation and procedure. I never knew a wiser counselor, and I never had a better friend.

Two outstanding characteristics marked the man's life and influenced the lives of his fellows—graciousness and kindness. They were outstanding attributes of the man. Those attributes, coupled with a rare judgment of men and issues, and a fine toleration for the other fellow's point of view, will live in memory down through the years.

Today I listened to Alben Barkley speak of the imminent approach to death and a man's viewpoint as the years pass by. As I grow older, it is not the transition of death which bothers me when those I have loved pass on, but rather it is the finality of the thing—the fact that never again in this world shall I look upon the face of mother, or friend, or loved one. So, when troubled by that thought, as I have been many times and very recently, there come to my mind words which I learned years ago, written by an anonymous author, which I leave with you:

A good man never dies;
  In worthy deeds and prayer,
In helpful hands and honest eyes,
  If smiles and tears be there;
Who lives for you and me
  Lives for the world he tries to help;
He lives eternally
  A good man never dies.

CHARLES LINZA McNARY

CHARLEY MCNARY was a good man in every sense of the word. So in a time of tragic sorrow, as we sit today in this Chamber, where he was wont to sit amongst us as our friend, counselor, and leader, it is not enough to go to earthly things for our comfort, but we turn to the eternal verities. So I sound a triumphant note that has blessed my life in times of sorrow, uttered by a great Christian 2,000 years ago, St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans:

> For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

So may we comfort one another with these words.

Address by Senator Cordon

Of Oregon

Mr. PRESIDENT: I know that the people of Oregon in their sorrow are grateful for the eloquent and heartfelt tributes here paid to the memory of their most beloved and distinguished citizen. They are comforted in the knowledge that their loss and their grief are shared.

Mr. President, I have come into membership in this body with a heavy heart, for I know that death, which came first and opened the door, took so much and I can bring so little. I am heartened when I remember that there is before me—set by him who was your colleague, your friend and mine—a record of friendship and service and pure patriotism toward which it is a privilege for any man to aspire; and this is true though I realize that my feet may stumble where his were sure.

In my short time here many Members of both Houses have come to me to express their sense of personal loss in the passing of my distinguished predecessor, and each has spoken of some intimate personal memory, sacred to him alone; but they have been one in this regard, that all have spoken—and there was wonderment in their voices that it was so—all have spoken of a great capacity for understanding and tolerance of men, men in their strength and their weakness, that was given CHARLES MCNARY in so generous measure. They said it was an affirmative thing that flowed out from the man to quiet and subdue and to beget love.

I have faith that in the ominous days ahead, when we of this body, striving to fulfill to the utmost our duty as we severally see it, shall find ourselves with convictions opposed, with wills that clash and hot words that seek utterance, the memory of CHARLES MCNARY may come and abide in this Chamber, to chasten and soften and again point the way.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, *February 29, 1944.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father God, we come with the solemn consciousness that swift to its close ebbs out life's little day as once again in the passing of an honored Member of this body we bow before the mystery of death. We are grateful for thoughts of immortality which swing back the grim barred gates of death, through which the glory from an endless world shines beyond the mind's imagining, beyond our heart's desire. Give us to see that death is no more our enemy, but Thy good angel and our friend who alone can open for us the realm of beauty and bliss in the roomy spaces of a larger life.

The one, clear call has taken from us Thy faithful servant and our beloved friend, with whom we took sweet counsel and whose tolerant outlook often turned the discords of dispute into the music of understanding. But the sorrow of our hearts pleads with us to bless Thee for the close ties which have been severed, for the sanctified wisdom and the pure humanity which made his radiant personality as the candle of the Lord. We remember with gratitude that for him party loyalty was ever but an altar of devotion in the greater temple of his undefiled patriotism. We remember today with joy his long and fruitful years as a public servant, his patient courage, his gentle courtesy, his constant consecration to his great trust. We remember gratefully now one who held his convictions firmly, yet without questioning the sincerity of others whose quest of truth led them along other paths. We think of him today as one who could differ without anger, who could debate without bitterness, who could be defeated without rancor, who could win without exultation.

So, one by one, Thou dost gather the scattered families out of the earthly light to the heavenly glory, from the distractions and strife and weariness of time to the peace of eternity. Vouchsafe unto his loved ones Thy tenderest mercies and the consolations of Thy sustaining grace. In Thy great mercy bring us all at last to the homeland of Thine eternal love. In the name of that One who hath brought life and immortality to light. Amen.

Mr. DANAHER. Mr. President, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death on Friday, February 25, of our beloved minority leader, the late senior Senator from Oregon, the Honorable CHARLES L. MCNARY. I make this statement in behalf of the Senator from Oregon [Mr. Holman], who, in execution of the obligation devolving upon him, is even now heading a delegation of our colleagues who are bound for Salem, Oreg., where the funeral services will be held on March 3.

Several Senators have indicated a desire to offer eulogies to the memory of our departed colleague. To those and to all other Senators I would say that on a date later to be fixed memorial services will be held.

Mr. President, in behalf of the Senator from Oregon [Mr. Holman], I send to the desk a resolution and ask that it be stated by the clerk and be presently considered.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 259) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. MCNARY, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That a committee of 18 Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to take orders for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The VICE PRESIDENT, under the second resolving clause, appointed the following Senators the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator:

Mr. Holman, Mr. Barkley, Mr. White, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Shipstead, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Vandenberg, Mr. Russell, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Hill, Mr. Clark of Idaho, Mr. Thomas of Idaho, Mr. Brewster, Mr. McFarland, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Wherry.

Mr. DANAHER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, I move that the Senate do now recess until 12 o'clock noon on Friday next.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Friday, March 3, 1944, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FRIDAY, *March 3, 1944.*

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a telegram from Peter H. Bergson, Washington, D. C., expressing on behalf of the Free Palestine Committee and himself the deepest feelings of grief and condolence on the occasion of the death of the late Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY, of Oregon, which was ordered to lie on the table.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. CHARLES L. MCNARY, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

MONDAY, *March 13, 1944.*

Mr. HOLMAN. Mr. President, I have just returned from distant Oregon, where with other members of the special committee of the Senate, I went to attend the funeral services for our late lamented colleague, Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY.

Bishop Bruce R. Baxter, of the Methodist Church, conducted the services in the beautiful State capitol of Oregon, and grieving citizens from ever section of the State crowded the hall of the State house of representatives and every other available space in and about the building.

Bishop Baxter's remarks on that sad occasion were so appropriate and his expressed philosophy so consoling that I ask unanimous consent to have them printed in the Congressional Record.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

SENATOR CHARLES L. M'NARY

"May the magnitude of our loss be the measure of our consolation." This personal tribute comes out of 10 years' acquaintance with Senator McNary in which I came to know him and deeply to admire him. As a former dean of Willamette University Law School, he gave me invaluable counsel throughout my presidency of the University. He was always proud of those years when he was dean at Willamette and scattered across the country are the men who got a higher conception of the law because he gave it to them. Out of my acquaintance comes the clear understanding that he would deplore extravagant praise and adulation. He was genuinely a modest man. How many really modest men do you know? He never exploited himself. Senator McNary always kept as far in the background as possible. He made few speeches, but his was a tremendous influence. For 27 years he served in the United States Senate. For 11 years he has been minority leader in the Senate. Just previous to his passing his party unanimously reconfirmed him as minority leader of the Senate, which indicated its continued confidence in him and the expectation that he would speedily resume his duties. He was the Republican Vice Presidential candidate in 1940. He was genuinely a statesman rather than a politician. He was a power for good in his Nation.

Although we shall not fail him by extravagance in speech, those who are here to do him honor would miss that which rightfully belongs to them did we not reflect together upon certain of his qualities and characteristics. As we consider these, at the same time may we look frankly within to see just what could be said of us as honestly as is said of him.

First of all was his unswerving devotion to duty. He stayed by his work when others rested. He stayed by that work when

the interests of health required that he also rest. He was tireless. Early morning found him in his office working through endless details. Then came the Senate session. This was followed by committee meetings. Usually he would take work home to be cared for late into the night. Early in the morning the same round began again. This went on year after year. Up until the last day of his earthly life he kept in touch with his office and the affairs of the Senate. Daily he read the Congressional Record. Many of his letters he wrote with his own hand when a lesser man would have demanded complete release from all responsibility. To the very last day he was at work for his State and his Nation. Whenever Congress adjourned, Senator McNary longed to return to his lovely Salem home. Usually duty held him in Washington. He believed that "duties are ours—events are God's." He soon learned that the reward of doing one's duty is finding another duty to be performed. Weak people forever talk of their rights. Strong people say little about it, but think of their responsibilities. He knew the Bill of Rights. He also knew the "bill of responsibilities." Senator McNary was a war casualty as truly as any boy who falls in battle. He has placed a gold star upon Oregon's service flag. He died serving. Now let us ask ourselves just how unselfishly and how unreservedly we serve.

Next we remember his integrity. If we don't have that, we don't have much—we don't have anything. You could count on him in small and in great matters. Whatever he said he would do, he did, and that is all there was to it. Emerson said, "The integrity of your own mind is sacred." Dr. Frederick B. Harris, pastor of the Foundry Methodist Church in Washington and Chaplain of the Senate, said of him in the memorial service held in the Senate Chamber. "For him party loyalty was ever but an altar of devotion in the greater temple of his undefiled patriotism. He was one who held his convictions firmly, yet without questioning the sincerity of others whose quest of truth led them along other paths. He was one who could differ without anger, who could debate without bitterness, who could be defeated without rancor, who could win without exultation. The sanctified wisdom and the pure humanity made his radiant personality as the candle of the Lord." As a tuning fork catches the note and carries it on, so did others catch the note of fidelity and integrity from him and they in turn, passed it on. In the light of this set of standards and experience what measure of integrity do we possess and what do we pass on to others?

Many men have spoken to me the last few days of his love of people. You can't deceive at this point. Either you love people or you don't love them. There is no halfway ground. He genuinely

liked folks. He got on with people without compromising his own convictions. He really believed in them. A leader in a democracy had better believe in people. Perhaps his refusal to contest the election in early days when he was defeated for the Oregon Supreme Court by a single vote was related to this conviction. This defeat really sent him to the United States Senate by the appointment of Governor Withycombe. I know many individuals who were sorely disappointed and were without prospects of success, who were helped and whose future achievements were due to his unselfish aid. As you think of those who loved their fellowmen, his name like that of Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest. Elihu Root once said that he wished most of all to be known for distinguished courtesy. Senator McNARY measured up to that ideal. His dealings with people were characterized by his distinguished courtesy. There was never anything cheap or condescending about it. He never held spite or malice for any man. When people had treated him unfairly, he would say, "Oh, he isn't so bad," or "We just don't understand him." He loved people.

Then I would speak of his love for his home. Those who knew the heart of the man knew him in his home with its orchards, lawns, and stream, and a house which was a home because mutual respect and love dwelt there. His national duties continually took him away from that home. At this point he paid a frightfully heavy price. I have long been impressed by the fact that here in Salem scarcely anyone ever spoke of him as Senator McNARY. Only a few ever said CHARLES MCNARY. He was always CHARLEY MCNARY. That speaks volumes for the attitude of his own people, the ones who knew him best. He loved to come home. And now at last he has come home. What a heritage belongs to Mrs. McNary and Charlotte. I would be remiss did I not speak of the devoted care and attention and protection and love which Mrs. McNary gave him always and particularly in these last difficult weeks.

An eastern philosopher said, "Death is not extinguishing the light. It is putting out the lamp because the dawn has come." His light has not gone out. It has gone on. Just what is it that comes to pass after the incident which we call death? How many there are who are asking this question in a war year at a time when the figure of death as a turnstile through which men pass one by one has been changed to the gate of a great war industry at the time of changing the shifts.

We cannot prove immortality as one proves a theorem in mathematics, but that is true of the deepest values. Just how would you go about it to prove identity or personality or mother love? Science says man may live forever; philosophy, that he wants to

live forever; ethics, that he ought to live forever; Christianity, that he does live forever. Science gives us a hint of it. We accept as axiomatic the principle of the conservation of energy. Ours is a universe to which nothing can be added nor from which can anything be subtracted. Nothing can be lost out. This is a universe with plan and purpose. It is not a duoverse. It is not a multiverse. You could not have reason and logic and sense if it were so careful of all except the very highest, personality, which was made in the image of God. Death is not the master of the house. It is the porter at the gate of the King's palace to usher us into the presence of the King.

Immortality is not something which is granted at the end of life. It is an achievement. We are sharing it now as truly as we shall share in it a century hence, for life is a continuous stream. The incident of death does not break that continuous flow. Immortality thus becomes less a problem as it becomes more an experience. Emerson said that the best way to be sure of immortality is to begin to live like an immortal. Of what use would immortality be to a man who had never learned how to use an hour well? Augustine said, "Join thyself to the eternal and thou shalt become eternal." The Scripture puts it, "He hath set eternity in our hearts."

We remind ourselves of the worth of the soul. It is far too valuable to be lost. Here is something which deserves to be immortal. It is not that a man has a soul as much as that man is a soul. Something important is begun here which is finished hereafter. Human life promises far more than can be attained here. Dr. Wilson, dying with Scott at the South Pole, left a note for his wife, "God still has something for us to do together." The Book says, "Thy soul shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." A life worth living is worth living forever. Therefore, it is not true that a dead man lives again, but that a living man never dies.

As we approach the Easter season, we claim the experience of Jesus. In the triumph of Easter morning Jesus came back from the dead saying, "Rejoice." Our confidence is in Him who conquered death and who said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Finally we rest back upon the character of God; upon that which God is like. We cannot be where God is not. He is primarily like a Father. If He does not care for the individual, He is less than God. If He does not enter into the sufferings of men, He is less than God. We cannot conceive of a nonsuffering God in a suffering world. Therefore, in times of sorrow and loss we cry out as a child cries in the darkness, "Is anybody there?" We hear no empty echo

of our own despairing cry. From the understanding heart of a loving Father God comes the answer of assurance. "The best of all, God is with us." "Life is good, for God contrives it. Death is good, for man survives it." Death is, therefore, like turning over the pages of a book written by an author we have learned to love and trust.

Hidden far away in the depths of the earth is a strange drawing power which men call gravitation. It is a power over men's bodies to hold them to the earth. Far above the earth, hidden in the heart of a loving Father God, is another strange drawing power, not upon men's bodies to hold them down but upon men's souls to lift them up. After that which we call death occurs, that strange drawing power lays hold of the liberated spirit to lift it to itself that where He is we shall be also. Into the hands and heart of that loving Father God we commend the spirit of our friend.

TUESDAY, *March 14, 1944.*

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mr. President, I wish to give notice that when the Senate convenes on Thursday I shall hope to be recognized to speak briefly about the services of the late Senator from Oregon, CHARLES L. MCNARY.

MONDAY, *March 20, 1944.*

Mr. HILL. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the Record, a poem written by Mr. Horace C. Carlisle, of Alabama, in tribute to the late Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY.

There being no objection, the poem was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

SENATOR M'NARY

S–enator Charles L. McNary is dead—
E–very one who ever new him reveres
N–ow the brave life that he fearlessly led,
A–nd will revere it, all down thru the years.
T–ruth, sacred honor, and justice, and right,
O–n all occasions, thrilled him with delight,
R–ound which he centered his thought, day and night,

C–autiously Senator McNary laid
H–is purposed plans for the national good,
A–nd, after seeking the Great Spirit's aid,
R–eadily, he went to work, as he should,
L–eaving no stone, within his reach unturned,
E–ver for his country's good more concerned,
S–urely, than for the amount that he earned.

L–ong as American hist'ry is read,

M–en, down the ages, will, out of the past,
C–all the great principles for which he pled,
N–obly, yet fearlessly, down to the last—
A–lways he lived so that he might respond,
R–eady, at death's call, to break the last bond—
Y–es, he was ready for God's Great Beyond.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

FRIDAY, *March 24, 1944.*

Mr. DAVIS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record as a part of my remarks an editorial which appeared in this week's issue of the Saturday Evening Post and which is entitled, "Not Out of the Statesman's Manual."

This editorial describes the secret of the even, statesmanlike conduct of the revered and recently departed minority leader of the Senate, CHARLES L. MCNARY.

I cannot help but feel, Mr. President, that perhaps the agenda and the accomplishments of the Congress would be much more creditable if all its membership resorted to the

technique used by "CHARLIE MAC" whenever he was tempted to rise to his feet to participate in some acrimonious yet unproductive argument.

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

NOT OUT OF THE STATESMAN'S MANUAL

The late Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY used to explain how he became known for suavity, sweet reasonableness, and reluctance to take part in Senate brawls on the floor. Senator MCNARY was actually a man of positive views and a sharp temper. Sometimes it took all the self-control he had to refrain from rising to his feet and pulverizing an opponent. "When I thought I couldn't stand it any longer," CHARLIE MCNARY said once, "I used to pinch my leg. I would keep on pinching until the impulse was over. After a good many debates in the past few years, I would get home and find I'd pinched myself black and blue."

There must be some Members of Congress who, as they look over their remarks in an accumulation of Congressional Records, would give a good deal to have learned CHARLIE MCNARY'S secret. Certainly, the great American audience would appreciate it if some of our gabbiest solons would try pinching their thighs instead of wearing out their larynxes. This method might make some of them as effective in politics as was the affable, unwillingly silent CHARLIE MCNARY.

P. S.: Maybe some self-pinching would do no harm in the Executive branch, too.

SATURDAY, *April 1, 1944.*

Mr. DANAHER. Mr. President, in the Progressive for March 20 appears a beautiful tribute, entitled "Oregon's 'CHARLIE MAC'," written by Capt. Richard L. Neuberger, for years one of Senator MCNARY'S dear friends. The deftness of the writer's touch as he treats of our late friend betokens an affection of which the Record should speak, and I ask unanimous consent that the tribute be printed at this point.

There being no objection, the tribute was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

CHARLES LINZA McNARY

OREGON'S "CHARLIE MAC"

(By Capt. Richard L. Neuberger)

He was one of the last links with the old progressives of the great tradition. William Borah is gone and so are Tom Walsh and the elder Bob La Lollette. George Norris is in retirement. And now Senator CHARLES MCNARY, of Oregon, is gone, too.

He was essentially a kind man. He was moved by generous impulses and by deep human sympathy. He had few preconceived social and economic beliefs. This was one of the reasons for his unrivaled personal popularity among men of all political faiths. He was no breast beater, no table pounder. He neither proclaimed nor declaimed. He never looked down from Olympian heights. He did not aspire to rule or sovereignty or power.

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, for 26 years United States Senator from Oregon, was happy in that position. He declined many opportunities to be Governor of his State. He was a reluctant candidate for Vice President. Once his friend, Senator Jim Couzens, of Michigan, wanted to contribute $100,000 to a campaign fund to back MCNARY for the Presidency.

MCNARY smiled and little crow's-feet appeared at the corners of his eyes, as he scrawled on the back of the restaurant menu:

The Presidential bee is a deadly bug.
I've seen it work on others.
O Lord, protect me from its hug,
And let it sting my brothers.

MCNARY'S beliefs and convictions stemmed from kindness and tolerance. In basic philosophy he was neither a liberal nor a conservative. His views spanned both sides. He was for public ownership of water power but he was skeptical of Government bureaucracy. He voted against extending the draft, but he favored the original lend-lease bill. He backed up much of the criticism which his running mate, Wendell Willkie, directed against the New Deal, but he did not go along with all of Willkie's comments on foreign affairs.

FRIENDSHIPS CUT PARTY LINES

He liked people. His friends were universal. He liked the President immensely, and this regard Mr. Roosevelt reciprocated. Bob La Follette and Senator Arthur Capper were among MCNARY'S closest cronies. Gen. George C. Marshall was another intimate of the Oregon Senator. They first met when Marshall was a brigadier general in command of the historic old post at Vancouver Barracks.

There was a rectitude about Senator MCNARY which no events could wear away. He was Republican minority leader, but when he

felt the administration was moving in the right direction, he went along with administration policies. He was Willkie's running mate, but when he could not agree with Willkie's views he said so. He and President Roosevelt were good friends, on warm, personal terms, but he did not hesitate to challenge the President on many issues.

McNary's family went back a long way in Oregon history. He once told me, "I go back a long way too, Dick." He was acutely conscious of the events behind him. He knew that his grandfather had crossed the continent in a covered wagon and floated, hungry and tattered, down the Columbia River on a raft.

His farm, Fir Cone, held for him memories of his grandmother, Linza, and of his other pioneer predecessors. Fir Cone was one of his conversation pieces. "I want to see Fir Cone," said Bob La Follette as he arrived in Oregon for the funeral. "CHARLIE never got tired of talking about Fir Cone."

SENATE'S BEST-LOVED MEMBER

Senator McNARY was wise and cynical and urbane, yet he delighted in chatting with his farm neighbors in the Willamette Valley. He liked people and people liked him. He always was to Oregon what Jefferson must have been to Virginia. Fir Cone was for a quarter of a century Oregon's Monticello. Without bias, malice, or personal ambition he studied the questions which affected his native State. Many things which unscrupulous politicians might have wanted to do, they did not do because of fear of him and his influence.

Oregon was proud of Harry Lane, and later of Harry Lane's successor. When Senator Lane died, the elder La Follette quoted, "He added to the sum of human joy, and if everyone to whom he had done some loving service were to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."

That could have been said about Harry Lane's successor. "CHARLIE MAC" was the best-loved Member of the United States Senate, and he was almost a final link with the men who 20 years ago fought for equality for agriculture and to retain Muscle Shoals for the people.

Oregon is not represented in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol at Washington, D. C. A number of States are represented by former Senators—New Hampshire by Daniel Webster, South Carolina by John C. Calhoun, Wisconsin by Robert M. La Follette, Sr., Louisiana by Huey P. Long, Missouri by Thomas H. Benton. Someday CHARLES LINZA McNARY may be there, too.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

TUESDAY, *February 29, 1944.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 259):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. MCNARY, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That a committee of 18 Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now recess until 12 o'clock noon Friday.

Mr. ELLSWORTH. Mr. Speaker, the other body is, this afternoon, paying honor to the memory of a departed colleague, Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY, in a memorial service. In that service I am sure due notice will be taken of the great service rendered by Senator MCNARY to the people of his country and to the people of his State. He was a great statesman. He was a great Senator and a splendid public servant. Only three men are still in the Senate who were there when Senator MCNARY first took office. He has a record of continuous service in the Senate only exceeded by those three. That he had the confidence and the respect and the love of his colleagues is so well known as to need no reassertion. I believe it is entirely accurate to say that no Member of the Congress was held in higher respect and esteem than was Senator CHARLES L. MCNARY. But Mr. Speaker, it is not for the purpose merely of speaking of Senator MCNARY as a colleague in the Congress that I arise today. Senator MCNARY was my friend. I knew him as a charming, kindly, and lovable personality. I knew him as a man fond of his home and fond of children and a man possessed of a great and sincere love of humanity. Senator MCNARY always held the point of view

that the "big fellows" as he called men of power and influence, could look out for themselves. His interest and his energy always were devoted to the welfare of ordinary people, and he lived this philosophy both in public and private life. We are going to miss Senator McNARY as a Member of this Congress. The people of Oregon are going to miss him and they now mourn the loss of Senator McNARY as a friend, a statesman, and as a man who loved the people and the State he served.

Mr. ELLSWORTH. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution and move its adoption.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon, and minority leader of the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee to attend the funeral: Messrs. Mott, Angell, Stockman, Ellsworth, Dirksen, Costello, and Holifield.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the balance of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Rsolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 6 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow Wednesday, March 1, 1944, at 12 o'clock noon.

Memorial services held in the main

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